

THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"VISITING EVERY FLOWER WITH LABOUR MEET,
AND GATHERING ALL ITS TREASURES, SWEET BY SWEET."

VOL. 1.....NEW SERIES.]

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 13, 1813.

[NO. 45.]

Epistolary Correspondence.

(Continued from our last.)

MISS COLVILLE TO MRS. COLVILLE.

I will not trespass upon your time, my beloved mother, by describing the delight which I experienced at the unexpected sight of my dear brother; for as the same frank is to inclose our letters, he doubtless has informed you that he took us by surprise. I make use of the plural instead of the singular, as Lady Charlotte Clements was breakfasting with me; we had taken a long walk, in company with Mrs. Mason, to visit a sick pensioner of her ladyship's, whose only daughter is in a deep consumption, for whom she has hired a lodging at a mill-house a little beyond Paddington. Mrs. Mason returned with us to Doctor Douglass's, and they left us to make breakfast for the countess. We were in deep conversation when the door opened, and not having raised my eyes, judge of my astonishment, at feeling myself warmly pressed to the bosom of a man, whose well known voice, however, soon reconciled me to the unexpected embrace.

Lady Charlotte's surprise, if I might judge from her expressive countenance, was not less than my own; though, from being opposite the door, she saw him enter, and, from the naval uniform, naturally concluded it to be my brother. We passed a most gratifying day together; Edward was all life and soul, and entertained us with a variety of anecdotes and incidents, which apparently gave equal pleasure to us all. I am certain that my friend was perfectly delighted with my brother's conversation; for whenever he spoke, her attention appeared fixed upon his words; and when I compare his judicious remarks to the frivolity with which the generality of young men of fashion entertain the ladies, he cannot avoid gaining by the comparison.

When we retired after dinner, the first question I put to Lady Charlotte was, "How do you like my brother?"—"Like him!" she repeated, with peculiar emphasis, "he appears exactly the sort of young man Lord Chesterfield was desirous of making his son; with this distinction, that polish of manners seems the result of purity of mind: whilst his lordship, unfortunately, thought the graces would compensate for rectitude and worth: but he certainly is, without any compliment, one of the most insinuating young men I ever saw."

Edward appeared no less pleased with her ladyship; and after the departure of each, Mrs. Douglass said, "What do you think, Louisa, of my setting up for a prophetess? Shall I, in the true fortune-telling strain, calculate the destinies of my absent friends? and let you in to the secret, that the fates decree them to be united?"

"Heaven grant the prediction may be verified, my dear madam," I replied, fervently clasping my hands: "I say amen, however, to the decrees of fate." More improbable events

than this certainly often happen, my dearest mother; and what, on every account delights me, Lady Charlotte has promised to accompany me to the castle; so that Edward will have an opportunity of increasing the favorable impression. He quits London to-morrow evening by the mail, and the morning we are to pass with her ladyship, as he is to escort us to a capital exhibition of paintings; and as they are chiefly Italian views, he will be able to inform us whether they are correct representations.

I must now, my dear mother, revert to our walk yesterday morning; but every thing I see or hear of Lady Charlotte Clements, tends to raise her in my opinion. Poor Lucy Metcalf, the young invalid whom we visited at Paddington, is the daughter of a coachman who lived many years with the countess, who left a wife and five young children to deplore a fall which occasioned his death. Lucy, from being three years older than any of her brothers or sisters, was, to make use of the poor woman's words, her mother's right-hand; Lady Charlotte put her to school at a very early period, and she became sole instructress to the other children; for, unfortunately, Mrs. Metcalf was not able to teach them. The parish only allowed the wretched widow half a crown a week, but the countess generously added another to it, and Lady Charlotte's bounty was unconfined; she did not periodically fix on any sum, but relieved the widow according to her necessities. About six months ago Lucy's mother was seized with the scarlet fever—her humane benefactress were at their country seat—the washing and ironing, by which she supported her family, was obliged to be neglected, in short, even her neighbours shunned the abode of sickness, with as much fear as if it had been the plague. Lucy was sole nurse to her apparently dying mother, and for fifteen nights never went to bed; the Almighty in mercy blessed her filial exertions, and in time the poor woman completely recovered. Two of her children caught the infectious disorder. Lucy was equally indefatigable in the care of them; and though Providence, in a peculiar manner, preserved her from the malady, yet her constitution bent under anxiety and fatigue, and she is, I fear, in the last stage of a consumption: though the physician who attends her flatters himself he shall be able to preserve her valuable life.

The moment Lady Charlotte returned to the metropolis, she was made acquainted with the distresses this humble family had sustained, and, with a generosity which does honour to human nature, paid all the debts the widow had contracted during her long illness; but this was not all, for poor Lucy became the object of her most tender solicitude.

Madam de Genlis, my dear mother, in one of her valuable productions, describes the benefit which may be derived in pulmonary diseases from milk and vegetable diet, united to inhaling the cow's breath. Lady Charlotte instantly resolved to try the experiment upon Lucy, and spent several mornings in endeavouring to find

some worthy family to board her with: and, about a fortnight ago, met with one to her satisfaction, a short distance from Paddington. She has had a kind of deal sofa placed in the cow-house, on which poor Lucy, who is too weak to sit in an erect posture, reclines for several hours, but particularly at the time of milking; and with her own hands she has made cushions for the sofa; in short, pays this dutiful girl the most delicate attention. Lucy declares herself much better, but a more shocking cough I never heard; she lives entirely upon milk and vegetables; but I fear no human endeavours can save her.

I have not had an opportunity of telling this anecdote to my brother; for the amiable benefactress of this poor girl was with us while we were together, and she informed me she could not give me so great a proof of her esteem and affection, as that of allowing me to witness an act of benevolence; "for charity, my dear Louisa," said she, "should be secret; and the great instructor of it has informed us, we ought not to let the left hand know what the right does."

I could not help smiling, my dear mother, at your description of poor Susan's blunder; the sand and soap were completely in character. My brother's friend has certainly paid me a great compliment, though I am sorry it should have prevented him from displaying attention to the beautiful Emma! pray present my love to her, and, in my eyes, her more lovely sister, who always was my favourite. Poor Augustus, and do you really think he is love-sick! I hope and trust it is not a hopeless passion; for, next to my brother, I do not know a more amiable young man. I have so completely filled my paper, that I have scarcely room to say adieu. God preserve my dearest mother, is the ardent prayer of her.

LOUISA.

MRS. COLVILLE TO MISS COLVILLE, AT C. PEMBER-
BERTON'S, ESQ. EUSTON LODGE, SUFFOLK.

Monday evening.

THE sudden manner in which you quitted the castle, my beloved Louisa, united to the melancholy event which occasioned your unexpected departure, threw my mind into such a state of agitation, that I was incapable of giving you any maternal advice, or laying down the slightest rule for your conduct, although fully aware that your future happiness, or misery, will in a great measure depend upon the circumstance which (I am persuaded) will occur from this at once mournful and friendly visit*. Scarcely, my dear girl, had I felt the joy of meeting, when fate decreed that we should again be separated; yet, to have refused the request of two worthy friends, at such a mo-

* The sudden death of the elder Miss Pemberton had so deeply affected the spirits of her amiable sister, that the parents of that too susceptible young lady solicited Mrs. Colville to allow her daughter to pass a few weeks at the lodge.

ment, was impossible; and I have only to hope that your society will prove a balm to dear Ellen's wounded spirits. How is that amiable girl; and how do her worthy parents support the sad, the unexpected shock? May that Being, who has thought proper to afflict them, endow them with fortitude to sustain the dreadful stroke.

Dreadful indeed! for to lose a beloved child, at any period of existence, is one of the hardest trials human nature can support; but when they come to Emma's, or your age, my dearest Louisa, it is like draining the vital current from the heart. The drops of sympathy flow so fast, that I must quit the melancholy subject, or the sentiments I express will not be legible.

(To be continued.)

THE OLD MAID'S ORDEAL.

A VISION.

(Concluded.)

THE next was a female, who candidly declared, that she never had an honourable offer in her life. "Poor thing!" unanimously and emphatically exclaimed all the ladies below the bar. Hymen admitted the cogency of her plea; and the judge translated her to Elysium, to make amends for her disappointment.

Another now stepped up, who was born remarkably beautiful, and had broken the hearts of a score or more lovers; encouraging their addresses till she had enslaved their souls, and then dismissing them to enjoy the triumph of their despair. On being asked her reasons for such inhuman conduct, she very boldly replied, to revenge the wrongs of her sex—"Bravo!" re-echoed through the court. But, silence being called, the Amazon was sentenced to be turned loose into the *Grove for desponding Lovers*, who had fallen victims to the passion, where her cruelties would be sufficiently retaliated on herself.

After her removal, came a culprit who, having promised herself in marriage to a creditable young man, who was very fond of her, rescinded her agreement in favour of a fortune-hunter who made proposals to her, but who, before the day fixed for their nuptials, ran away with a distinguished heiress. She now endeavoured to regain her old lover; but, finding all her efforts vain, exerted every artifice to injure him in the esteem of a worthy young lady whose affections he had gained, and whom he in fact married. To her extreme mortification, they enjoyed enviable happiness; which she, however, incessantly tried to interrupt: and, at last, died in consequence of a cold caught by walking in a heavy shower, from a visit she had been paying for the purpose of spreading a report to their disadvantage. She was remanded back to earth—it being first ordained, that no one should in future believe what she said—there to continue a farther witness of their conjugal bliss, which was thought the greatest punishment possible to be inflicted on her.

Her room was supplied by a most notorious offender; who, being both too ugly, and too wicked to attract notice, determined to revenge the slights of the men, on the unmarried members of her own sex. In consequence, through the mediums of treachery and defamation, she broke many matches which were on the point

of being concluded; and poisoned the happiness of many couples, whose union she had vainly endeavoured to prevent. The whole court was loud in its exclamations against her; and she was doomed to be chained to a rock, in the *Old Maid's Tartarus*, and to undergo a *Promethean* punishment; with this difference, that the part to be devoured was her *tongue*.

This culprit gave way to a blushing maid of twenty-two, whose features I immediately recognized. She had been addressed by a young man on whom she doated; but her confidential friend seduced him from her. They were privately married, and the first intelligence was exultingly conveyed to her by the abandoned object of treachery. The shock proved too great for the delicacy of her constitution; she fell a martyr to despondency; and, only two days before, I had followed her to the grave. On her being asked to give an account of herself, she burst into tears: when, leaving the crowd, and stepping up to the bar, I began to relate her story; but was presently interrupted, and interrogated as to my business there? I stood confounded; and Hymen, eyeing me keenly, and declaring that I was a *Bachelor*, the place began to be up in arms, and the whole body of females were proceeding to vent their indignation upon me; when their clamours at once put an end to their rage, and my fears, by awaking me.

ON FEMALE BENEVOLENCE.

NATURE is equally indulgent to every rank in life. As in the vegetable kingdom she has made the sweetest flowers the most common, so in the moral world she has placed the lovely virtue which conduces most to human happiness equally within the reach and cultivation of the rich and the poor.

Benevolence may be considered as the rose, which is found as beautiful and as fragrant in the narrow border of the cottager, as in the ample and magnificent garden of the noble.

Charity is a theme on which the sublimest spirits have often and ably discoursed. Many admirable things have been written on this lovely president of the angelic virtues.

That generous compassion, which interests the heart in the misfortunes of others, is more particularly the portion of women. Their sensibility revolts at the presence of distress and pain—Objects of misery and aversion decomposes the soft indulgence of their minds. Their souls are more hurt by images of sorrow than tormented by their own delicacy of feeling—they, therefore, must be very anxious to afford relief. They possess, besides, in a high degree, that instinctive feeling which operates without reasoning, and they often relieve while men deliberate. Their benevolence is, perhaps, less rational but it is more active—it is also more attentive and more tender.

What woman has ever been wanting in commiseration to the unfortunate?

THE UNNATURAL MOTHER,

OR,

THE HISTORY OF A VIRTUOUS SON.

A WEALTHY manufacturer, whom I shall call Mr. Charlton, died in the prime of life, leaving a widow and three children, the youngest quite an infant. From the birth of this child the mother had shown the greatest indifference towards it; nay, what is still worse,

she conceived a kind of aversion for the innocent victim. It was at first supposed that this injustice was only the effect of grief and trouble, and would cease with that cause. So far from this, however, as the child grew up his mother was at no pains to conceal her dislike, and was not ashamed to treat him with the harshest severity, and even with cruelty, whereas she always showed the greatest kindness and indulgence to her other children. This conduct was the more blameable as the youth was of a prepossessing figure, of the mildest temper, and really had what is denominated a good heart. Accordingly, he was never heard to complain of his mother's ill usage; he never forgot what he owed to her who had given him life, and bore his sufferings in silence, in the hope that time would alleviate his hardships, and that by an uniformly respectful behaviour he should at length remove from his mother's mind the prejudices which she harboured against him. Unfortunately he had the mortification to perceive what he called prejudice gradually turn to implacable hatred; and he had attained the age of twenty years without having ever received a single kind word from his hard-hearted mother. Providence seemed to have determined to subject the virtue of young Charlton to the severest trials; and you will see in the sequel that he bore them with that unshaken fortitude which is imparted by religion and a good conscience; always keeping in view this precept of the Holy Scriptures: *Honor thy father and thy mother that thou mayest live long*. Being the only son, he inherited by his father's will all his real property, and when he came of age, he undertook the management of the manufactory, which by his indefatigable industry became more and more flourishing. He might then have parted from his mother, without being liable to be accused of revenge, and have devoted himself entirely to his business; but such was not the line of conduct pursued by this excellent son. Convinced that, as she advanced in years, she would no where be treated with such attention as at the house of her own child, he took her with him, settled on her an ample annuity, and suffered her to want for nothing. Such generous behaviour, one would think, must have softened the most obdurate heart: Mrs. Charlton's continued insensible to the proofs of love and filial duty continually given her by the virtuous object of her hatred. She received with murmurs all the favours of her son; whenever they met she loaded him with reproaches, and God knows if he ever deserved one from her lips. Undoubtedly her good son often shed in private bitter tears over the injustice of this barbarous woman, and bewailed his unhappy condition, but his patience remained unshaken, and his conduct unchanged. Sometimes, when his mother had given vent to her ill-humour, and treated him in the harshest manner, he ventured, in a tone of kindness and submission that would have melted a rock, to say to her: "Dear mother, I endeavoured to fulfil all my duties as well as I can; if, however, there is any thing that displeases you, tell me what it is, that I may make it agreeable to you. If your lodging, your diet, or your living in general is not to your liking, only say so, and I will take care that it shall be better in future. If the annuity which you have accepted is not sufficient, speak, for I can refuse you nothing. If I can do any thing else to make you comfortable, mention it without reserve, and depend

upon my compliance with your wishes; but at any rate, I implore you, allow peace to yourself, to me, and to the whole family, that we may all be happy." His entreaties, however, produced not the slightest effect on this cruel woman, who continued with as little intermission as before to embitter the life of her unfortunate son.

(To be concluded in our next.)

The following is one of the many letters which have been received from individuals captured in the brig Edwin of this port. It will excite the commiseration and sympathy of every reader, and we hope its effect in prompting the government to provide for loosing the chains of these unfortunate captives.

Salem Gaz.

*Algiers, the place of my captivity, }
September 1st, 1812.*

MY DEAR WIFE—This dismal letter witnesses to my affliction; I give you a short narrative of my present misfortunes, and of my fellow sufferers. On the 26th of Aug. in lat. 38, 5, long. 4, 30, we were captured by an Algerine corvette, stripped of all our clothing except what we had on our backs, and we are now under the lash of a severe task-master and full of lice and misery, without distinction of persons, from the cook to the captain. To see capt. Smith, unused to labour, with a heavy load on his back, as well as myself, doubles the misery of my captivity. Before daylight we are roused up to work, to bend and unbend sails, and mend them; Mr. Laraby and the foremast hands, to more hard work, to dig stones, and drag them to the arsenal, and the like jobs.—At 4 o'clock we are freed from work, and retire to this dismal cell, where we hear nothing but curses and the like. For these two nights our lodging has been comfortable; but Mr. Laraby and the people sleep on the rocks and in the mire as it were. To day the captain and myself went to the Swedish consul's house, and he has given us some money to buy a second shirt, and encouragement that the U. States will not forget us. But as for me, there is no need of any assistance, for death will very soon relieve me—but I pray for Jesus' sake that some means may be used for those who may survive. The Moors, after supplication, gave me my bible, and that is all I have, excepting what I have on, and that would be enough with liberty. As for ever seeing you again, it will be in that eternal world, where sorrow I hope will be quite banished from my troubled mind. I die in the hope of Jesus Christ, and that he will present us unspotted before his Father.—Farewell all my friends—farewell all relations—farewell Salem—farewell America—and last of all, farewell to you my dear.

I remain your loving husband,

FRANCIS GARCIA.

CUNNING PERSONS.

In dealing with cunning persons, it is proper to consider their ends, to interpret their speeches, say but little to them, and that which they least look for. In negotiations of difficulty a man cannot expect to sow and reap at once.

ENVY AND DISCONTENT.

A man of sound and active mind, has in his very constitution, a remedy against the disturbance of envy and discontent. These passions gain no admittance into his breast.

Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK:

SATURDAY, MARCH 13, 1813.

WEEKLY RETROSPECT.

BY the Hebe from London, our news from that quarter, is brought down a few days later than our last—to January 20. The papers brought by this arrival appear principally to be taken up with the details of the Russian armies in their victories over the French grand army, which appears to be nearly annihilated, and the consequent change in the political aspect of European affairs. They state, that by advices from Heligoland, the Russians had entered Koningsburgh and Memel, where they found immense quantities of ammunition and military stores; that they were in possession of Dantzic; and that the Russians were expected even at Berlin, the capital of Prussia.

It is said, the naval expedition, consisting of 19 sail of the line, &c. for America, commanded by Lord Amelius Beaulieu, sailed from Portsmouth the 17th of Jan. to touch at Plymouth for the division at that port, and then proceed direct for America.

The emperor Alexander in his proclamation of Dec. 12, says, "The arm of the Giant is broken, but his destructive strength must be prevented from reviving; and his power over the nations who serve him out of terror, must be taken away." For this purpose he purposes to raise a new army of 300,000 men.

We have had some late arrivals from Cadiz, but nothing new of a political nature. Provisions there in abundance.

The fourth of March being the day on which commenced the second term of Mr. Madison's re-election to the Presidency; he took the oath to support the Constitution of the United States, administered to him, by Chief Justice Marshall, in the presence of many Members of Congress, the Judges of the Supreme Court, the Foreign Ministers, and a great concourse of Ladies and Gentlemen. Previous to taking the oath in the Chamber of the House of Representatives the President delivered an appropriate speech to the concourse who attended.

A letter from Ogdensburgh of Feb. 27, says, "The number of British troops which crossed to attack this place on the 22d ult. was between 450 and 500 men. The American force in all, including militia, 400.—Our killed and wounded amounted to 26—the British to 10 killed and 54 wounded. They have retired, and promised to remunerate the inhabitants for the loss of all private property.

The latest advices from Sacket's Harbour, on Lake Ontario states, that Gen. Dearborn arrived there on Wednesday the 6d inst.—that the place was becoming quite formidable by the arrival of troops daily; the fears of invasion had somewhat subsided. The British were also very formidable at Kingston.—Whether an attack would be made was yet doubtful.

A king's brig, of 14 guns, captured by the Holkar of this port, of 18 guns, was spoken on Tuesday last in lat. 40 long. 70.

A letter from Vermillion (Ohio) of Feb. 13, says, That General Harrison is now at the Miami Rapids; he has just been joined by 1500 Kentuckians, and more are expected daily.

A letter from Norfolk of March 4, says, "Yesterday the force at our Capes was augmented by three sail of the line and some smaller vessels, arrived from Bermuda."

A valuable prize has arrived at Marblehead, the British brig Ann, (capt. Joseph L. Lee, prize master) from Liverpool bound to N. Providence, with a cargo of Dry goods and crates, valued at 80 to 100,000 dollars. She was captured by the private armed schr. Growler, Graves of Salem.

A London paper of January 20, says, Col. Barclay, the late respected British consul-general at New-York, has taken his passage on board his majesty's ship Valiant, for Bermuda, whence he is to proceed to New-York, in order to hold, at that place, the office of general superintendent for the exchange of prisoners.

The ship President Adams, Capt. Adamson, is lost on the coast of China. She was wrecked Sept. 29, having been driven ashore in a gale, and immediately bilged. The vessel and cargo were valued at 300,000 dollars. It is said the next day, 200 boats, with about 1500 Chinese fishermen, came along side, and plunder-

ed the ship of the specie, and every moveable article, during which time they began killing each other for the booty. The crew of the ship was in imminent danger of being massacred, but they ultimately succeeded in getting one of the boats of the natives to carry them to Mocoa for 800 dollars, which they effected in 3 days.

Nuptial.

MARRIED.

By the Rev. Bishop Moore, Mr. William Burford, of Newark, to Miss Abigail Flandrow of this city.

By the Rev. Mr. Geissenhainer, Mr. Philip Branch, to Miss Catharine A. Moore, daughter of Mr. Baltus Moore, of this city.

Mr. John Gassner, to Miss Locky Richards, daughter of Mr. Smith Richards, all of this city.

Obituary.

DIED.

In this city, after a short and severe illness, Mr. Charles Henard, a native of France.

In the 77th year of her age, Mary Franklin, widow of the late Henry Franklin.

In the 46th year of his age, Mr. Ezra Hounsfield, merchant.

In this city, Mrs. Elenor Brasher, aged 83 years.

After a short but severe illness, which he bore with christian fortitude, Mr. George Lang, aged 45 years.

In this city, Mr. William M. Gill, aged 32 years.

On Tuesday morning, suddenly, Mr. George Thompson, aged 67 years.

On Wednesday, suddenly, Mr. Cornelius Brinkhoff, brass-founder.

At Spotswood, West-Jersey, Mr. James Lorton, formerly of this city, carver and gilder.

Of a painful illness, which he bore with christian fortitude, Mr. Didier Rouchas, a native of France.

At Harrisburgh, (Penns.) Mr. Joseph Swift, aged 25 years.

At Poughkeepsie, Judge Williams, late a member of the Senate of this state.

At Black Rock, Lieut. King, of the British Royal Artillery, of a wound received the 28th Nov.

In England, Lieut. Col. Boag, aged 79; he served under Wolfe, at Quebec.

At Harleam, Mr. John Waldron, aged 91 years.

In Middlesex, (N. J.) Mr. John Latourrette, in the 62d year of his age.

The Long Island Star records the deaths of the following aged persons, which recently occurred in the eastern parts of Suffolk county, viz. At Bridgehampton, widow Deborah Howell, aged 99. Mrs. Sarah Halsey, widow of Mr. Mathew Halsey, aged 83. At Sagharbour, Mrs. Parker, aged 89. At Southampton, the widow of Mr. Joseph Sayre, aged 90.

In Newburyport, Mrs. Pesche Moody, a woman of colour. Her age is not certainly known; but it is believed by those who have the best means of information, that she was more than 100. She was brought to this place, when a child, from the island of Jamaica. Early in life she was impressed with a sense of eternal things, and made a public profession of religion. Her subsequent deportment was such as became a follower of Jesus—meek, humble and spiritual. She loved the house and ordinances of God, and manifested an affectionate attachment to the great doctrines of the gospel. Her example recommended religion, and secured, not only the confidence and esteem, but the undissembled respect of many, who, in station, were much her superiors. To the close of her long life, she was favoured with the regular exercise of her mental faculties, and with the comforts of religion. In her last sickness she frequently, and with much affection, repeated those consoling expressions of her Saviour: "In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you to myself; that where I am there ye may be also."

Report of deaths from the 20th ult. to the 7th inst. being two weeks, 95.

Seat of the Muses.

The House of Sloth.

BY DR. DWIGHT.

BESIDE yon lonely tree, whose branches bare,
Rise white, and murmur to the passing air;
There, where the twining briars the yard enclose
The house of Sloth stands hush'd in long repose.

In a late round of solitary care,
My feet instinct to rove, they knew not where,
I thither came. With yellow blossoms gay,
The tall rank weed begirt the tangled way:
Curious to view, I forc'd a path between,
And climb'd the broken stile, and gaz'd the scene.

O'er an old well, the curb half fallen spread,
Whose boards, end loose, a mournful creaking made;
Pois'd on a leaping post, and ill sustain'd,
In ruin sad, a mouldering sweep remain'd;
Useless, the crooked pole still dangling hung,
And tied with thrums, a broken bucket swung.

A half-made wall around the garden lay,
Mended, in gaps, with brushwood in decay.
No culture through the woven briars were seen,
Save a few sickly plants of faded green:
The starv'd potatoe hung its blasted seeds,
And fennel struggled to o'er top the weeds.
There gazed a ragged sheep with wild surprise,
And two lean geese upturn'd their slanting eyes.

The cottage gap'd with many a dismal yawn,
Where, rent to burn, the covering boards were gone;
Or, by one nail, where others endwise hung,
The sky look'd thro', and winds portentous rung.
In waves the yielding roof appeared to run,
And half the chimney-top was fallen down.

The ancient cellar-door, of structure rude,
With tattered garments caulk'd, half open stood.
There as I peeped, I saw the ruin'd bin;
The sils were broke; the walls had crumbled in;
A few long emptied casks lay mould'ring round,
And wasted ashes sprinkled o'er the ground;
While, a sad sharer in the household ill,
A half starv'd rat crawl'd out, and bade farewell.

One window dim, a loop-hole to the sight;
Shed round the room a pale, penurious light;
Here rags gay-coloured eked the broken glass;
There panes of wood supplied the vacant space.

As, pondering deep, I gaz'd, with gritty roar
The hinges creak'd, and open stood the door.
Two little boys, half naked from the waist,
With staring wonder ey'd me as I pass'd
The smile of Pity blended with her tear—
Ah me! how rarely comfort visits here!

On a lean hammock, once with feathers fill'd,
His limbs by dirty tatters ill conceal'd,
Though now the sun had rounded half the day,
Stretch'd at full length the lounge snoring lay;
While his sad wife beside her dresser stood,
And wash'd her hungry household's meagre food.
His aged sire, whose beard and flowing hair
Wav'd silvery o'er his antiquated chair,
Rose from his seat; and, as he watch'd my eye,
Deep from his bosom heav'd a mournful sigh—
"Stranger, (he cried) once better days I knew;"
And, trembling, shed the venerable dew.
I wish'd a kind reply; but wish'd in vain;
No words came timely to relieve my pain.
To the poor parent, and her infants dear,
Two mites I gave, besprinkled with a tear;
And fixed again to see the wretched shed,
Withdrew in silence, clos'd the door and fled.

Yet this so lazy man I've often seen
Horring and bustling round the busy green;
The loudest prater in a blacksmith's shop;
The wisest statesman o'er a drunken cup;
(His sharp bon'd horse, the street that nightly fed,
Tied, many an hour, in yonder tavern shed,)
In every gambling, racing match, abroad,
But a rare hearer in the house of GOD.

A SONG.

"Oh! think not my spirits are always as light."

By THOMAS MOORE, Esq.

OH! think not my spirits are always as light,
And free from a pang, as they seem to you now;
Nor expect that the heart-beaming smile of to-night,
Will return with to-morrow to brighten my brow.

No, Life is a waste of wearisome hours,
Which seldom the rose of enjoyment adorns:
And the heart that is soonest awake to the flowers,
Is always the first to be touch'd by the thorns!

But send round the bowl and be happy awhile;
May we never meet worse in our pilgrimage here,
Than the tear that enjoyment can gild with a smile,
And the smile that compassion can turn to a tear.

The thread of our life would be dark, heaven knows!
If it were not with friendship and love interwov'd;
And I care not how soon I may sink to repose,
When these blessings shall cease to be dear to my mind;

But they who have loved the fondest, the purest,
Too often have wept o'er the dream they believ'd;
And the heart that has slumbered in friendship securest
Is happy indeed if it ne'er was deceiv'd.

But send round the bowl, while a relic of truth
Is in man, or in woman, this prayer shall be mine,
That the sunshine of life may illumine our youth,
And the moonlight of friendship console our decline.

Morality.

LEARNING, ITS APPLICATION.

ENVY, curiosity, and our sense of the imperfection of our present state, inclines us always to estimate the advantages which are in the possession of others above their real value. Every one must have remarked what powers and prerogatives the vulgar imagine to be conferred by learning. A man of science is expected to excel the unlettered and unenlightened, even on occasions where literature is of no use; and among weak minds loses part of his reverence by discovering no superiority in those parts of life, in which all are unavoidably equal; as when a monarch makes a progress to the remoter provinces, the rustics are said sometimes to wonder that they find him of the same size with themselves.

These demands of prejudice and folly can never be satisfied, and therefore many of the imputations which learning suffers from disappointed ignorance, are without reproach.—Yet it cannot be denied, that there are some failures to which men of study are peculiarly exposed. Every condition has its disadvantages. The circle of knowledge is too wide for the most active and diligent intellect, and while science is pursued with ardour, other accomplishments of equal use are necessarily neglected; as a small garrison must leave one part of an extensive fortress naked, when an alarm calls them to another.

The learned, however, might generally support their dignity with more success, if they suffered not themselves to be misled by superfluous attainments of qualifications which few can understand or value, and by skill, which they may sink into the grave without any conspicuous opportunities of exerting. Raphael, in return to Adam's enquiries into the courses of the stars and the revolutions of heaven, counsels him to withdraw his mind from idle speculations, and instead of watching motions which he has no power to regulate, to employ

his faculties upon nearer and more interesting objects, the survey of his own life, the subjections of his own passions, the knowledge of duties which must be daily performed, and the detection of dangers which must daily be incurred.

This angelic counsel every man of letters should always have before him. He that devotes himself wholly to retired study, naturally sinks from omission to forgetfulness of social duties, and from which he must be sometimes awakened, and recalled to the general condition of mankind.

Dr. Johnson..

Anecdote.

Dean Swift was of a humour so frank, that those who were unacquainted with his manner could hardly be prevailed upon to consider him in any other light than that of an unpolished clown; how far he might deserve that character in general must be left to the determination of his most intimate acquaintance; but with regard to his behaviour upon particular occasions, nothing could be more rude. The very last time he ever was at London, he went to dine with the Earl of Burlington, who was then but newly married. My Lord being willing, perhaps, to surprise his lady with a new character, and to have some diversion, forebore to introduce him in the usual manner, or even to mention his name; and as he generally appeared in a rusty gown, and had no very striking person, her Ladyship could not help eyeing her new guest. After dinner, said the Dean, "Lady Burlington, I hear you can sing; sing me a song." The lady looked on this unceremonious manner of asking a favour, with disgust, and positively refused him. He said, "she should sing, or if he was her husband, he would make her. Why, madam, I suppose you take me for one of your poor, paltry, English hedge parsons; sing when I bid you." As the Earl did nothing but laugh at this freedom, the lady was so vexed that she burst into tears and retired.—His first compliment to her when he saw her again was, "Pray, Madam, are you as proud and as ill-natur'd now, as when I saw you last?" To which she answered with great good humour, "No, Mr. Dean, I'll sing for you, whenever you please."

DR. GOLDSMITH.

A POOR woman, who had seen better days, understanding from some of her acquaintance that Dr. Goldsmith had studied physic, and hearing of his great humanity, solicited him in a letter to send her something for her husband, who had lost his appetite, and was reduced to a most melancholy state by continual anguish. The good-natured poet waited on her instantly, and after some discourse with his patient, found him sinking into that worst state of sickness, poverty. The Doctor told him they should hear from him in an hour, when he should send them some pills, which he believed would prove efficacious. He immediately went home, and put ten guineas into a chip box, with the following label: "These must be used as necessities require: be patient and of good heart." He sent his servant with this prescription to the comfortless mourner, who found it contained a remedy superior to any thing Galen or his tribe of pupils could administer for his relief.